Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies *Richard* murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One raisde in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
One that hath euer beene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards draw your willing swords
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond*?
Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in armes.
King. He said the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.
Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeeed it is:
Tell the clocke there *The clocke striketh.*
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie *Rat.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deawie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me looke sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo